# AN ENGLISH TRAINING EXPERT-ON THE

USE OF STIMULANTS. Alcohol May Be Useful, Says E. H. Miles, the Tennis Champion-Harmful in the Long Ran-English Training Systems - Ment Eating and the Craving for Strong Drink.

As a general rule I do not recommend alcohol to any one, either for the body or for the brain, especially if no particular exertion be needed at the particular time. and if other remedies be possible; for example, the stimulating effect of cold water poured down the spine. Yet alcohol does seem to have certain advantages for modern athletic conditions.

I think the tendency will be for something else to take its place, or, rather, for people to avoid the conditions which make alcohol necessary. At present it is most oful for emergencies. A man is playing atteh at lawn tennis; he feels utterly tired; w he can keep ap for ten minutes longer he will win. He takes a glass of brandy; he keeps up for ten minutes longer; he wins. This value of alcohol has been proved so many times that those so-called scientific men who deny the truth of it lose all hold on the popular faith. People see the man worn out, and then revived, if only for a time. The fact is undoubted, whatever

the ultimate results may be. And so it may be with brain work. A man may be utterly jaded, and a glass of some stimulant will give him energy to work, at least for half an hour; that half hour may be vital to him. The alcohol probably, among other good effects, clears the blood of its poisons for the immediate present, and that seems to me the best thing that it does. It is not so much the heat that it produces at the time, nor yet the quickering of the heart, as the clearing of the blood temporarily of its uric acid, &c.

Even though the most sensible people will see that the best plan is to keep the blood so pure and strong that there will not be any need for stimulants, that the body and brain will work better without stimulants, yet so long as alcohol does give energy for a while, whether we take it or not will usually depend on whether the worth while or not. We incure ourit be worth while or not. We injure our selves by a violent run after dinner to catch a train. Yet this may be quite worth while; so much may depend on catching that train that we are content to sacrifice a certain amount of health.

It is all very well to say that it is not worth while to take alcohol; it is worth worth while to take alcohol: it is worth while in certain cases. Temperance fanatics compare it with drawing on one's capital. They forget that it is sometimes good to draw on one's capital. But they make their greatest mistake in false statements, which the experience of millions refutes. When they say that alcohol does not really produce heat, but only seems to, certain men have a perfect right to deny their conclusion. Only the other day a man told me that claret always made him feel hot for many hours afterward. If I hot for many hours afterward. If I

You are not really hot," the man would n't care a bit about that; I feel hot. and that's all that matters to me. all practical purposes are concerned, I

And when the theorists tell us that alcohol does not produce energy they again lay themselves open to the answer that it does produce energy; it may be only calling out energy that exists in the body, but anyhow, without the alcohol the energy would not be called out at all. The objectors may say that the effect is only the immediate effect. Out the defenders of alcohol will reply: "That is all we care for; we refuse to listen to you. You must concede what we know to be true."

The Cambridge rowing crews in Engand are often allowed a glass of port in the evening, and some of the men are allowed a glass of beer in the middle of the day. Lehmann, the well-known coach, advises an occasional breaking of the training if the men get too stale. In fact, it seems to be a common opinion that it is better for the athlete to have a thorough break and a fairly large, ordinary dinner with wine, &c., occasionally than steady amount of alcohol every day. Personally, I think a diet which makes people stale has something wrong at the root of it. It seems to me that English

root of it. It seems to me that English athletes, who are less strict about alcohol (especially footballers), are less liable to staleness than American athletes.

Undoubtedly the effect of alcohol differs with its different forms. It is not always the proportion of alcohol that is important. There is a certain Cyprus red wine which has next to no alcohol in it, and yet will make a Tommy Atkins quite weak in the head, even though he has been used to plenty of whiskey. On the whole, perhaps, good old whiskey, if you can get that kind, and if you can take it weak, is the safest drink for the average athlete, if he must take alcohol at all. But individuals differ here perhaps more than in any uals differ here perhaps more than in any other respect. One of the best and hardiest general athletes of my acquaintance has a rule never to drink any alcohol except old whiskey, and never to take that unless he is going to work it off by exercise very

old whiskey, and never to take that unless he is going to work it off by exercise very boon afterward.

In my own case, alcohol has little or no appreciable effect on my games. Nor does it make any great difference in my standard of endurance. In between games I sometimes take it and sometimes not. I have found that it makes very little difference one way or the other. I am convinced that in the end the frequent use of alcohol does a great deal of harm, but I am also convinced that it clears the blood for the time being, if the blood be impure, and to clear the blood for the time being is often invaluable for athletes.

I remember a celebrated cricketer who used to get in a terrible condition after dinner, and then, before he went in to bat, would drink a quantity of liquor, and then make large scores. I remember, also, two Cambridge (English) all-around athletes, who used to play beautifully the next morning after heavy drinking the night before, followed by drinking the morning. Evidently their eyes were cleared for the time being by the alcohol; but the after results are usually bnd. These two athletes, who should have been vigorous till 55 or 40, fell off conspicuously after the age of 25.

Prof. Michael Foster told me that we

Prof. Michael Foster told me that we Prof. Michael Foster told me that we must not judge of the effects of such excesses until after the age of 25, or even after the age of 30. Moreover, these two athletes, and others, have never yet found alcohol reliable. One day it might clear the eye and produce wonderful success; another day the effect might be absolutely the reverse. That is the worst of alcohol for training—it is unreliable.

Alcohol seems to fight meaning the

Alcohol seems to fight against the power of long endurance. It may produce a flash for a time, but will be against steady and for a time, but will be against steady and persistent work with the body or brain. On one occasion it produces brilliancy; on another occasion utter failure. Then, again, the usual effect is that the quantity must be increased. The craving for more and more is a marked characteristic of alcohol drinkers; the more they have the alcohol drinkers; the more they have the more they want, therefore the more they drink. And in extreme cases there are other results of alcohol drinking, in the form of immorality and crime, to say nothing of despondency and resciessness. All other results of alcohol drinking, in the form of immorality and crime, to say nothing of despondency and resilessness. All these are too common to need neutron here. The worst fallacy in regard to alcohol is the fallacy of the right way of giving it up. It is all very well to say to people; "Avoid temptations to drink; do not go where you will have to drink; and it is all very well to say. "Use your will power; retuse to drink." But a far better to show people also the conditions which make them desire alcohol, so that they may with perfect freedom of choice take if or refuse it.

Assuming, however, that alcohol really does harm to you individually, then find out what it is that makes you desire it; you get then to the root of the matter. You have to put yourself in such a state that the way needs also be desired as a state that whose alcohol is all the root of the matter. You have to put yourself in such a state that must be put yourself in such a state that the first class can be found in the first of the Hamburg-Americ

out what it is that makes you desire it; you get then to the root of the matter. You have to put yourself in such a state that, when alcohol is offered you, you would rather not take it. The first help is to take enough nourishment, not in the form of fattening and heating material or of sheer bulk, but in the form of blood-making in sight makes a bird which has survived such an experience an interesting addition to a collection.

ATHLETES AND ALCOHOL, and tissue-making substances, namely,

albumen.

I get my own albumen entirely from fleshless foods. It is possible that others may find that these fleshless foods are valuable for them, as they may have been for me. In my own case, when I first gave up alcohol, I continued the use of meat, &c., and I found that even at the end of six months I still desired alcohol. Then I gave up the flesh foods about four years ago, and almost immediately the desire for alcohol went. With the fleshless foods I believe that, as a rule, the desire will disappear.

will disappear. There seems to be something in the flesh There seems to be something in the flesh which produces the thirst for intoxicants though I found that in case I did not take enough proteid or albumen and did too much work or exercise. I felt exhausted and the desire returned. I could at any time, therefore, reproduce the desire by returning to the flesh foods, or by not taking enough proteid daily. For it seems to me to come down to that—enough proteid, say four ounces a day, in a fleshless form. That is the verdict for one single case. Personal experience in each case must be the guide—personal experience extending

be the guide - personal experience extending over at least some weeks. Before I fin'sh I must say a word about immediate results; they are not to be mis-taken for full results; they are not to be the criterion. When a man takes alcohol the immediate results are probably satisfactory; but he must not imagine that the final effect of alcohol is eatisfactory because of this. He must be cau-tious before he decides. On the other hand, he may give up alcohol and find that the immediate effect is depression; he must not conclude from this that if he continues the treatment depression will

he continues the treatment depression will continue also.

It is quite possible that, when he has given up alcohol the poisons in his body are circulating in his blood on the way to passing out by various outlets. No wonder then that he is depressed. When most of these poisons have passed out and when he has ceased to add extra poisons, the depression may be removed. It is a fallacy to judge by immediate effects. immediate effects.

My own recent experiment with alco-

hol took some months to produce an ap-preciable effect upon my brain work and training, except that it made the desire for regular exercise almost amount to a craving. BEES HOLD UP POUGHKEEPSIE.

Excitement Caused by the Invasion of a Busy Street by a Swarm. POUGHREEPSIE, June 15 .- A rare sight eyes accustomed only to the scenes of city life was viewed on Man street, in the heart of the busines, part of this city, this week. A big swarm of biss ..... ed the street from curb to curb for at least three-quar-

ters of an hour. The bees were first noticed about 11 o'clock. There were only a few of them then. They came streaming along by hundreds and by thousands until ten or fifteen minutes later the queen bee who led the army was surrounded by a big bunch of

swarming, buzzing insects. The sun was shining brightly and the bees were not conspicuously in evidence to people driving and walking until they got past the fringes of the humming bunch of insects. A puncture from the business end of a bee or two was usually the first notice that the victim had that he was trespassing on the domain of the swarm. Pedestrians soon caught on to the situation and knots of spectators gathered at a respectfu. distance and watched the novel exhibition. People driving through the streets wondered at the crowds on the sidewalks all gazing in one direction but as they were in the full glare of the sunlight they could not see the bees, and in most in-

stances they drove plump into them. An old farmer wearing a slouch hat and a heavy exhibit of whiskers drove along about noon. Somebody shouted "Hey, there" about noon. Somebody shouted "Hey, there" to him, meaning to warn him to look out for the bees, but the farmer had been to town before and wasn't going to be fooled. He did not turn his head. His horse found out about the bees before he did. A vicious stinging onslaught about his ears made him drop about lourteen years of age in a second and he became a colt again. The farmer pulled up on the lines and said "Whoat". The bees reached him almost before he got the word out of his mouth and his arms went up and his old slouch hat came down over his face and he dropped the lines and y fled

"Ged-ap."

"While the crowd was laughing and keeping an eye on the bees ready to make a break for safety if they showed symmtoms of making a change of base, a woman with a determined expression on her face, came along driving a handsome roan. Beside her sat a man with a retreating chin who may or may not have been her husband. He saw the crowd and shouted to a friend on the sidewalk to ask what the trouble was. The friend pointed to the cloud of bees and explained the situation. The woman straightened back in her seat touched up her horse with the whip and plunged through the bees without flinching the fraction of an inch. Expressions of praise and approval of her grit came in volleys from the crowded walks.

For an hour and a half people stood around and laughed at the gesticulations of truckmen, professional men and pleasure riders who encountered the bees. People on the trolley cars had an unpleasant time of it until the conductors located the swarm and shut windows and doors to protect the passengers. On the open cars the motormen who had been warned of what was ahead of them put on the full current, released the brakes and sang out to the passengers to cover their ears and faces and whizzed past the barrier.

Shortly before 1 o'clock the queen bee led her train of workers and drones to a telegraph pole on the north side of Main street in front of a grocery store and established her court on the street side of the pole about twenty feet above the sidewalk. The bees gradually followed their queen to the pole and at 2 o'clock the whole side of the pole and at 2 o'clock the whole side of the pole for three or four feet up and down and haif way around was covered with a mass of brown bees, squirming and buzzing and humming.

The bees were still in possession of the pole for three or four feet up and down and haif way around was covered with a mass of brown bees, squirming and buzzing and humming.

The bees were still in possession of the pole at night. The next morning they were gone.

### OCEAN WAIFS AT THE ZCO.

A Heron and a Turtle Dove Which Were Caught Far Out at Sea.

A number of instances have been recorded of land birds which have approached vessels far out at sea, apparently overcome with fatigue, and have perched for several hours in the rigging before proceeding on their journey Some of them, desperate with hunger, have flown fearlessly down to the deck, where food and water are never refused. Two of these ocean waifs have recently been presented to the New York Zoolog cul Park, and are on exhibition in the bird house. one is a young European heron (Ardea nerea) the gift of Capt G. E. Warner of the steamship Glencartney. The bird flew on board his vessel when about 205 miles southwest of Cape Comorin, the southern extremity of India, but did not appear tired out, although it had probably not rested since leaving the land. A storm must have driven it seathe land. A storm must have driven it sea-ward as there is no migration route near this locality.

The heron's wing was clipped and it pro-ceeded to make itself entirely at home, and showing a very flerce and agressive dis-position was confined most of the time in the potato bin, which it defended so vig-orously against the luroads of the cook, that the latter received several wounds from the bird's beak while attempting to secure the daily ration of potatoes. The bird fell overboard once or twice, but easily kept affoat until picked up by a boat's crew. An abundance of fish scraps kept it in good health, and after its long voyage it arrived at the park in first-class condition.

The second bird is a European turtle dove (Turtur lurtur), which was captured not less

He Wrote "Shoo Fly" and "John Brown's Body

His Connection With "When Johnny

Comes Marching Home"-Once Paid His Last Cent for the Pleasure of Hearing "Annie Laurie" for an Hour. It is fifty years since T. Brigham Bishop wrote the melody which we now know as When Johnny Comes Marching Home. Since then his songs have been popular throughout the length and breadth country. Among the best known of these are: "Kitty Wells," which has one of the sweetest of all sad melodies; "Pretty As a Picture," "Shoo Fly," "If Your Foot is Pretty Show it. " "Glory Glory Halteluiah." the music of which was borrowed by Julia Ward Howe for her "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and is known to all as "John Brown's Body;" "Nancy Till," "The Moon Behind the Hill," "Swee

Evelina," and "I'm Uncle Sam, the Yankee." Mr. Bishop is the only one left of a group of great minstrel-song writers. The comrades of his youth-Dan Emmett, the author of "Dixie;" Stephen Foster, who wrote "The Suwanee River:" Nelson Kneass, compose of the music of "Ben Bolt;" E. P. Christy the originator of minstrelsy, and P. S. Gil more, the leader-all are gone. Mr. Bishop is still vigorous and healthy, and carries his 65 years as lightly as he carried his knapsack in the Civil War. He has had a varied career. He began life as a music teacher and was successively minstrel, soldier, cornetist in Gilmore's Band, publisher, and

lastly, banker. He is and always was an enthusiastic love of music. He once gave his last money to get an organgrinder to play over and over again his favorite song, "Annie Laurie. happened in this way. Early in the '50s when Chicago was a small town, Bishop went here to teach the guiter and mandolin He tried hard, but couldn't get a pupil. His noney was going out, and none was coming He was in despair, and down to his las in, a fifty-cent piece.

While brooding over his lack of luck an organ grinder appeared beneath the window of his studio and began to play "Annie Laurie. The music teacher's heart forgot its sorrow He leaned far out of his window and asked the organ grinder if he would encore that tune

and said somewhat disgustedly: "Ah, shoo fly don't bother me"

Bishop caught at the exclamation as if it were an inspiration. Then he wrote the song about the members of the despised Company G. He taught it to his soldiers and it went like whidtre. In a short while his command was the most popular in the regiment, and every night the soldiers would crowdaround his tent to hear his darkiss sing. His audiences grew so large that one night when an extra minstrol entertainment was given, 50,000 soldiers, the Army of the Cumberland, joined in the chorus. The song was pirated and Bishop profiled very little from its saie.

In those times songs were not published as readily as they are to-day, and were often sing by the minstrels for months, and sometimes years, before they appeared in print. This it frequently occurred that songs were sold by singers who had learned them, they posing as the authors, and thus defrauding the real creators.

"Sweet Evelina" was thus at large for years. Then Bishop sold it to E. P. Christy, for \$5. It made \$50,000. "Sweet Evelian, which was simply a tuneful love song, became an army favorite during the war, and it was the only tune that the Confederate eavalry leader, Col. J. E. B. Stuart, would ever permit to be played in his presence. He had two troopers who had been minstrels before the breaking out of the war. They were expert batholsts, and furnished the spectacle of two minstrels on horseback at the head of a marching column singing and twanging their instruments to the tune of "Sweet Evelina, dear Evelina, my love for thee shall never, never die." Bishop found the poem "Kity Wells" in an old newspaper It was written by Charles Slade. Bishop set the poem to music and sang it throughout the country. He then learned that it was published with another metal head of the poem "Kity Wells" in an old newspaper (Leaf by Leaf, by Leaf the Roses Fall was affour the public was affound in an old newspaper Caroline Dann Howe wrote the verses. It was set to music has him in the office when a cle

In a me Portland Me
"I was in Portland Me
"I was generally credited with having written the word. Some years later, while on a
cisit to Portland. I was taken to task for
daining the author-hip of the verses. I then
earned that Mrs Dana Howe was the real
author and that she was a resident of the
sity I immediately placed her name upon
the title page."
"If Your Foot Is Pretty, Show It," was

A LAST MINSTREL IS HE:

I sang this line to a melody which seemed to escape from my mouth, repeating the same, and the chorus followed, the verse and chorus simply being two lines. It was done as a joke before a friend who was always teasing my brother-in-law. This is the origin of the

my brother-in-law. This is the origin of the song.

"The song, or hymn, was sung by Mr Johnson a few evenings afterward at a revival meeting. Everybody took to it. I used it on several occasions, adapting it to circumstances and conditions, and when at Martinsburg, Va., after John Brown's execution at Harper's Ferry, I wrote the original lines of John Brown's Body Lies a-Mouldering in the Grave' I also wrote a verse for 'Ellsworth's Body,' and, with the exception of the Jeff Davis verse, all originated with me.

"The song was published in 1861 by John Church of Cincinnati. I thought little of the song or I would have published it long before. I believed it would never amount to anything. But its success was magical. Then Julia Ward Howe took the music and used it for her grand poen, 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' And now who doesn't know the melody?

A list of Wishop's songs would be very long. Nearly fifty years ago he began to write, and he is still at it. His successes have been many and of various kinds.

IN THE FERRY WAITING ROOM. Lots of Fun With the Slot Machines Before the

Boat Comes In. "Of course I don't know what the returns actually are," said the ferryhouse hand in speaking of the weighing machine in the ferry waiting room, "but I don't doubt that they are more at the present rate of one cent than they ever were at five. 'Drop a nickel in the slot,' the old original phrase, disappeared long ago; now it's 'Drop one cent.' "Why, for a cent, now, you can get on

some slot machines your weight, and have

your fortune told and hear a tune played

on a music box, all at once. You can only get your weight on the original weighing machine, but, on that machine, more than one person can be weighed for a cent by the very simple method of having the second person step on the platform before the first one gets off and go along for any number. "At first it was only children that did this; but now adults and people with children do it and seem to think it's all right. I haven't been able to make up my mind yet myself whether this is honest, or not; but I guess that question doesn't trouble the weighing machine company; I reckon they'd be perfectly satisfied to weigh whole families at

would come along "And that, you might say, is the principle

He leaned far out of his window and asked the organ grinder if he would encore that tune for an hour for 30 cents. The man said he would. Bishop threw him the money—all he had.

The organ grinder played the tune over a dozen times and then the neighbors began to compilain. The organ grinder was ordered away. Bishop protested. He told the objectors that he had encazed the man to play for an hour, and an hour he would have to play. The objectors grew so strong and nunerous that Bishop consented to dismiss the organ grinder if the crowd which had gathered would drop something into the musicants hat. All were so eager to get rid of him that they were very generous in their offerings, and as a result the astonished man found more than \$20 in his hat. He went away delighted.

But Bishop's last cent was gone. He had scarcely time to worry over it when a newspaper man who had witnessed the affair congrutulated him, saving he had given him stories over, and stepped into a salcon to complete it. There in a conner sait a violinist, Dan Emmett, the author of "Dixte, and a nianist, Nelson Kneas, the composer of "Ben Boit." There in the corner the newspaper story was concocted. The article appeared on the following day and it proved a bound for the man, who went broke on Annie Laurie. In less than a leek Bishop had to Bishop vrote a great variety of songs. He could be comic, sentimental, patriotic, heroic. "Shoo, Fly." one of his greatest hits, was written during the war. He was assigned to command a company of colored soldiers, and did not autogether relish the job One day he heard a colored soldier as As a partner how he felt. The latter said. "He had been also to be a provided the complex of the depth of the provided him said to complete the ferry house, all for one cent, and laupace he feels like as frog that's lost its ma. A colored listener owerheard the remarks and said somewhat disquistedly. "Ah shoot fly don't be been been been somewed to be a stream of the provided him said and the provided here with he man become

graph by taking even one earpiece. You can't hear so well, this way, but can hear, and so get a phonograph tune for half a cent, or rather you can hear, with somebody else, two times for one cent.

"It is a common thing nowadays for people to do this, young folks, and older folks, too, for that matter, and so you might see here at this double phonograph two or three or four folks listening at once, maybe one at each machine, or maybe two at one of them and one at the other, or maybe two at each.

"Ah! There goes the old banjo; somebody's started the banjo machine. Hear it? Plunky-plunk, plunky-plunk, plunk, plunky-plunk, plunk, and here comes in the big music box, too. The fortune-telling, musical weighting machine's been a-going now for some time, and so now you see the whole outfit is on the buzz, with people standing around every machine waiting, and they'll keep the bearings hot now till the boat comes in.

"And I think it's all right. It amuses the people and gives them something to do; and as a matter of fact, the machines are every one of them wonderful things."

# Sportsmen Start Out After the Flerce Wild

Pigs of Arizona. PHŒNIX, Ariz., June 11 .- A large party of sportsmen left here to-day for a week's peccary shooting on the lower Colorado River. and from various points in the Territory hunters are flocking toward that district. In the thick, and sometimes impenetrable, underbrush, from Yuma to the mouth of the Colorado, have gathered an immense number of the wild pigs, and only an occasional hunter and a few Indians have been killing them. Indeed, so flerce have the hogs become, that Indians and white hunters alike declare that a contest with a panther or bear is no more perilous than a meeting with a wounded boar in the dense underbrush.

Of late, the high water in the Colorado has driven the porkers from the lowlands, and n the open they fall an easy prey to the rifle of the hunter. The Colorado now is at the

of the hunter. The Colorado now is at the highest point known in a decade, the unusually heavy snows in the mountains having put all the tributaries to the big stream far out of their banks.

Last week a party of three from here took a small boat from Yuma, and going thirty miles down the river, disembarked and in two days killed more than 200 pigs. They cured the meat and engaged Mexicans to pack it to Yuma, from where it was shipped to Kansas City.

The meat of the wild hog, living on a diet of roots and wild grain, has a peculiarly fine flavor, and is in great demand by epicures. The Indians on the Mexican side of the boundary line have been killing the pigs by thou-

The Indians on the Mexican side of the boundary line have been killing the pigs by thousands in the last two weeks and white traders are buying up the meat and shipping it out over Gulf of California steamer lines.

The peccaries of the Colorado Valley were unknown fifteen years ago. About that time Thomas Blythe, the millionaire Californian, made an effort to establish a colony on the river near the Mexican line. Swine raising was to be one of the principal industries. Fine pigs were brought from the North to start the business. The colony was a failure and most of the hogs were turned loose. They took refuge in the river bottoms, and out of the small beginning have grown into herds of many thousands.

JUDGE GARY OF CHICAGO. COMING HONORS FOR A PICTURESQUE

PIGURE ON THE BENCH. Public Celebration of the Eightieth Birthday of the Judge Who Tried the Anarchists -Samples of His Humor in Court-Has Been on the Bench Nearly Half His Life.

CRICAGO, June 15-Joseph Easton Gary. the Judge who fifteen years ago was brought into international prominence in connection with the trial and execution of the Chicago Anarchists is about to be honored by the Chicago Bar Association. He is now 80. and for nearly one-half of his life-thirtyeight years, to be exact-has served continuously on the bench of the Superior Court of Cook county. In celebration of his eightieth birthday, in recognition of his long and distinguished judicial service, and as a tribute to his popularity among lawyers. the association will give him a reception and banquet at the Grand Pacific Hotel, on Thursday evening, June 20. Judge Gary is a product of the State of

New York, but of Puritan extraction. He was born at Potsdam, St. Lawrence county in 1821. His parents were Eli Bush Gary and Orilla East- Cary. To-day he is not only older in point of years and judicial service than any other Judge in Illinois, but he s also perhaps the wittiest, most satirical, and in some respects the most picturesque figure who has ever occupied a seat on the ench in the Middle West. Though a man of few words, brusque in

manner, keen in wit and often cutting ir sarcasm, seeking neither publicity nor applause, Judge Gary's popularity has increased as he has advanced in years. Snowyhaired and bowed with his fourscore years. he is still alert physically and mentally. He pays close attention to witnesses, clipping short their verbosity, reproving their indiscretions, and punctuating the questions of counsel with wit and apt inquiries of his own. He looks like the pictures of Adolphe Thiers.

There are many stories in which he figures. One day in court an alleged bigamist was brought before him. The prisoner had lived two years with the second woman in the case. He had concluded to plead guilty on the understanding with the State's Attorney one cent per family if only enough of them that his sentence would divorce him from No. 2. Judge Gary leaned over his desk and said in a kindly voice:

"Of course, you fully understand what that plea of guilty means?"

"Yes, your Honor." "And do you understand that if you so plead will be my duty to send you to the penientiary? Do you understand that?" "Yes, your Honor. Anything to get free.

Judge Gary gave the accused a piercing ook. Then in his inimitable manner he said: "I suppose there are some things beside which prison would be a relief. Any relative or friend of this defendant in court?"

A woman in black stood up on a bench and in a voice that sounded like a ripsaw in knotty plank said: "I'm his second wife, Judge, y'r Honor."

Without change of voice or facial expression, the Judge went on as if to complete a sentence: "Some things beside which prison would be a relief. You ought to be willing to take three years?" The prisoner nodded his assent

Then Judge Gary looked over at the woman n black. He seemed to read her in a second. He turned once more to the man who had pleaded guilty and said:

"I will give you one year. You seem to have had the other two before they arrested

No situation in his court is so solemn o serious as to prevent the Judge from making a joke, if his keen sense of humor prompts it and it does not conflict with the dignity of his office. During an important hearing some time ago there was a slight commotion in his ourt room, and the author of it was grabbed by a bailiff and haled before the bar "What are you making all this commotion

about?" sternly asked the Judge I have lost my hat "Is that all?" said Judge Gary, with no less ternness. "Why, men have lost whole suits n this court and not made one-half that fuss As a young man in New York he learned

in this court and not made one-half that fuss."

As a young man in New York he learned the trade of a carpenter, and during the summer of 1810 worked at the carpenter's bench. When he decided to become a lawyer he went to St. Louis. He was admitted to the bar in Missouri in 1844, and began his practicy in Springfield. Mo. in the same year, rem. in in Springfield. Mo. in the same year, rem. in in Springfield. Mo. in the same year, rem. in in St. and the same year rem. in in Springfield. Mo. in the same year, rem. in in Springfield for Americans, he went to Las Vegas, N. M., where he learned the Spanish language and practised in the mixed courts. After three and one-half years of this experience he went still further toward the Pacific, and for three additional years practised in San Francisco. In the spring of 1856 he settled in Chicago, then a city of about sixty thousand inhabitants. There he continued in the practice of his profession until 1863, when he was first elected to the bench of the Superior Court.

Shortly after he was placed on the bench of the Appellate Court in Cook county, a few years ago, Judge Gary was asked what he found to keep him so busy. He replied that he was kept busy reversing the decision of Judge Blank, a well-known local jurist.

Trials calling for the exercise of the greatest legal flighting ability have always been heard by Judge Gary with the greatest pleasure. He presided in the noted murder case of Luctgert, the sausage maker, who was convicted of having destroyed his wife in one of the sausage-making vats, and subsequently died under a life sentence in the Joliet Penitentiary. In another case two opposing attorneys showed a very warlike spirit in the earliest stage of the proceedings. He called the gentlemen before him.

"It see that you gentlemen are spoiling for a fight," he said. "My advice to you is that you

would be indefinitely prolonged by their bickerings. He called the gentlemen before him.

"I see that you gentlemen are spoiling for a fight," he said. "My advice to you is that you go into an adjoining room and chew each other's cars for a while. It will save time late on. The attorneys did not accept the advice but their strife became less objectionable. One day a reporter for a Chicago newspaper tried to interview Judge Gary on a matter of public interest, during the noon hour in his court. Turning from the paper, though they have always treated me kindly. My longest interview dor the papers, though they have always treated me kindly. My longest interview was when Conkling died. Reporters were sent around getting opinions, and to one of them I said. 'I greatly admired Conkling as a man of great ability. He was too big a man for me to talk about. That was the extent of the interview. I have tried to mark out a line of conduct and to follow it. That's as far as I care to go.

The intimate friends of Judge Gary say that he is fond of trying his hand at invention, and has, in fact, devised several articles which he imagined would be great successes. His work in this direction, however, has only rendered him vulnerable to the lests of his associates. It is said that at various times he has invented a brake for railway cars, a circular steam press, various engines, a rotary churn and a steam pump. His collegue, Judge Tuley, is authority for the statement that these inventions were without flaw in the form of models, but when an attempt was made to put them on the market it was invariably found that some other inventor had previously entered the Same field and obtained a monopoly. After several months of hard work, for example, Judge Gary perfected an improvement for a railway locemotive. He showed the model to the chief engineer of a western road, who immediately displayed a similar device which had been in use for a year.

Those who best know him say that in his house life he is a toyable character—kind, sym-

of the grown-ups in the neighborhood were mere children when he began this habit of milk-carrying, and they will tell you that they cannot remember the day when he has failed

milk-carrying, and they will tell you that they cannot remember the day when he has failed to do this errand.

After court, nowadays, the venerable Judge can be seen late in the afternoon of almost any sunny day, in Ontario street, drawing his little grandchildren about in a handcurt. At first sight the stranger knows the jurist for a gentleman of the old school. He stops the cart-load of jubilant youth and turns his kindly, forceful face alternately from the speaker to the youngsters. His coat is black—of an old-fashioned cut—his trousers are black and wrinkled from the knee clear down to his plain, old-fashioned doots. Loosely tied over an expanse of white shirt is a soft black neckerchief—a stock, you might say, of the period of Henry Clay

At noon he eats his frugal lunch while sitting on a stool in a Dearborn street restaurant. He has always been fond of billiards, his favorite form of amusement, and some years ago presided at the tourney of three experts held in Central Music Hall

For a long time after he presided in the trial of the Anarchists his house was guarded by the police, but this was not done at his request. Detectives also kept him under their eyes in his walks about the city. But these precautions are taken no longer.

their eyes in his walks about the city. But these precautions are taken no longer. Though he was often threatened and warned during the excitement following the Haymarket riots, he never showed fear tisulings in the great trial were sustained in the State and Federal Supreme Courts, and his course went far toward solving the problem of dealing with an element which had announced its antagonism to organized society.

#### WASHINGTON MONUMENT DEFACED. Carving of the Memorial Slabs Hacked by the Souvenir Hunters.

WASHINGTON, June 15 .- The Washington monument is badly scarred by the depredations of the souvenir flends. Inside the nemorial slabs presented by the States in the Union at the time of the monument's erection and by various societies have suffered most. There are more than 150 of these, and many of them are in a sad condition of mutilation. Missing heads, arms, legs and drapery bear eloquent witness to the manners of visitors. Just exactly what value, real or sentimental, the left ear lobe of the Goddess of Prosperity, for instance, can have for any person is hard for a sane man to understand. Somebody

got it, however. Most of the slabs presented by the States bear simply names and dates in large, bold letters that defy umbrellas and the like, and these remain untouched, save by pencils that mark their owners' names. But of the delicate carving there is little left. The handsomest slab, though one of the smallest, measuring 3x5 feet, is that presented by the American Medical Association, representing group of the fathers of medicine. It is about midway up the monument, about where climbers rest, and about four feet from the floor, a convenient reach. Hence the condition of the figures, two headless and three armless.

Two landings above is a slab representing locomotive. The locomotive looks as if it had got the worst of a collision. The souvenir hunters did it. Not far away is a large slab occupying the centre of one wall for a height of six feet. In its present condition it would do for a puzzle picture. Before the enthusiastic tourists got at it with their umbrellas and canes it represented fire engine of the old type. A volunteer fire department of some city presented it. Probably the name of the city is in some old record. It isn't on the slab. Once it was, but the souvenir sharks got it.

One thing they haven't got is the fine carving of a pelican, the symbol of the State of Louisiana. The reason is that instead of being a bas-relief the pelican is carved in the stone, intaglio fashion, and no predatory

umbrella can dig that out When most of the vandalism in the monument occurred no one knows, but it probably took place before the checking system was there, compelling visitors to leave all implements of destruction before going up the

nonument. At Mount Vernon there is a small s.my of guards on the lookout for the worker of souvenir iniquity. In Washington's old home there is one thing that strikes the eye by its contrast to the prevailing simplicity. It is the carred mantel place of Carrara markle in the diving some the source of the carrier of in every room some individual managed to get in his work and knock off the head of a galloping deer in the centre of the group. The animal remained headless for months. Then one day back came the head in a little box, post-marked Paris. The culprit had realized the evil of his ways. Said the ac-

companying note: "It did not occur to me in my own country, where everything is so perfectly preserved, the outrage that it is to mutilate historic places for relics. Here nothing is preserved: everything is chipped and marred and broken by travellers like myself. I return here-

with, Ac." Signed -- not at all. The head was stuck on, the glue stained the marble and the milk-white deer has a vellow streak around his neck

#### DATE PALMS CAN BE GROWN HERE This Gives Hope of Redeeming the Alkali Lands

The date palm may soive the problem of what to do with the arid and alkali lands of Arizona, California and other western States Experiments have been made in the past by the Agricultural Department and experiment stations, but renewed in-terest is being taken by the Section of Plant Introduction of the Department of Agri-the risk, whether some of the fellows got cultural explorer for the Department, now travelling in Africa, has procured a numof the Nile which he has shipped to the De-partment and which will be distributed in

the southwestern part of this country. In the United States the date is an article of luxury, but in its native country it is a most important food, many regions in Arabia and the Sahara being uninhabitable but for the date palm. The United States annually imports nearly a million dollars' worth of dates, but it is possible, the Department believes, to raise all the dates needed in this country. The date palm, needed in this country. The date pain, although grown profitably only in arid and semi-arid regions, is not in the proper sense of the word a desert plant. It requires a fairly abundant, and above all, a constant supply of water at the roots and at the same time it delights in a perfectly dry and very hot climate. The date pain is able to stand much more celd than an orange tree, but not so much as a peach tree.

#### ICE CAVES.

plying Ice for Summer Use. ing over the lava fields in the pine woods, nine miles from Flagstaff, discovered a nar-row slit in the lava which appeared to lead into a lateral and much larger opening. The silt was wide enough for a man to squeeze his way into it. At the bottom, about twenty MANITORA'S BREAT CEOP.

It is Expected That There Will be Forty Millton Bushels for Export.

MONTREAL, June 15. The latest estimates of the Manitoba wheat yield place the crop for export this year at 0.000,000 bushels with will be the greatest on record. The area under cultivation has been increased, the same size as the old one which we burned there are under cultivation has been increased, the same size as the old one which we burned for export this year at 0.000,000 bushels will be the greatest on record. The area under cultivation has been increased, the same size as the old one which we burned the expert which will be the greatest on record. The area under cultivation has been increased, the same size as the old one which we surprom old associations. There used to be dry the same size as the old one which we surprom the same size as the old one which we surprom to the same size as the old one which we surprom to same size as the same size as the old one which we surprom the same size as the same size as the old one which we surprom to same size as the same size as the same size as the old one which we surprom to same size as the same size as the old one which we surprom the same size as the old one which we surprom to same size as the same size as the old one which we surprom the same size as the same size as the old one which we surprom the same size as the same size as the old one which we surprom the same size as the same size as the old one which we surprom the same size as the same size as the same size as the old one which we surprom the same size as the same size as the old one which we surprom the same size as the same size as the old one which we surprom the same size as the same feet from the surface, a low chamber opened on one side which was found to extend about

## VESUVIUS IN BAD HUMOR

PROF. MATTEUCCI'S DARING STUDIES AT THE CRATER EDGE.

eering Into the Depths When Rocks Were Shooting Aloft -A Block Weighing 30 Tons Tossed High Into the Air -The Observer Lucky to Escape With His Life. It is not often that a man risks his life in the cause of science. As a rule, no one would receive much praise for doing so, though there are occasions when such an act is most heroic and laudable. Perhaps there are not many to applaud the achievement of Prof. Matteucci, the distinguished Italian geologist, who lived on the edge of the crater of Vesuvius for three days last year. But all's well that ends well; and he escaped with a whoie skis.

The volcano resumed a very active phase nearly five years before Prof. Matteucol went into camp on the outer edge of the scepe of disturbance. Vesuvius began new eruptive period on July 3, 1895; ebullitions of greater or less magnitude, accompanied by a considerable flow of lava, were of frequent occurrence for about fifty months. At last, on Sept. 1, 1899, the lava ceased to flow through the lateral fissure by which it had escaped from the crater. At that time the bottom of the crater was 700 feet below the lowest part of its rim

Fresh supplies of lava began slowly to fill up the crater again. On April 24, last year, the surface of the lava was within about 260 feet of the crater edge. On that day another period of violent activity began, lasting for an entire month. No lava was discharged down the mountain side but some of the explosions in the crater were terrific, particularly between May 4 and 11, reaching a maximum on May 9, The noise of the explosions was distinctly heard throughout a large part of the Cam-pagna. The Italian professor watched all the phenomena from the slope of the moun-tain and spent May 11, 12 and 13 at the creater's edge.

crater's edge.

It is well known that the eruptions since the seventeenth century have greatly altered the contour of the mountain, and that its central vent or crater has underdant the project of the gone many changes. During the period of Prof. Matteucci's observations the crater was enlarged in one of its diameters about twenty feet. It measured at the top 166 metres, about 540 feet across from north-east to southwest and 180 metres from east to west. The flames produced by the sulphurous vapors were abundant; many

to west. The flames produced by the sulphurous vapors were abundant; many projectiles were hurled into the air, the highest altitude attained being about 1,800 feet above the bottom of the crater. On May 9 the professor observed a block of unusual size rising above the top of the crater. He happened to have his watch in hand and found that the projectile was in the air above Vesuvius seventeen seconds before it reached terra firma on the slope of the mountain. He ascertained later that it measured about twelve cubio slope of the mountain. He ascertained later that it measured about twelve cubin metres and that its weight was approximately thirty tons. When it reached the earth it was travelling at the rate of about three hundred feet a second. It has been estimated that the force which propelled this mass of rock high into the air was equal to 607,095 horse power. The volume of the solid material which was ejected from the grater during the explosive period of the solid material which was period from the crater during the explosive period of April and May is estimated at about 500,000 cubic metres; and in that time about thirty feet were added to the altitude of

the mountain. It may be imagined that it was not extremely pleasant to linger in the imme-diate neighborhood of these terrific occur-rences, but the daring man of science held his ground and did not take his departure until he had completed the observations he had in view. The wonder is that he was not killed. On the last day of his sojourn upon the top of the mountain a period of intense violence succeeded a few hours of comparative calm. The explofell all around. Nobody knows how he had the good luck to escape, for his entire

had the good luck to escape, for his entire outfit of baggage was destroyed excepting his camera. This instrument and its owner were all that escaped without a scratch. The professor says that the spectade of that boiling cauldron of lava was a smarvellous one. He has not, however, undertaken to describe it, though he has written at length upon the scientific aspect of the phenomena he observed, and has made a special study of the nature of the materials that were ejected from the crater.

A TRAIN ROBBING MYSTERY.

#### The Western Epidemic Is Over, but the Raff road Men Don't Know Why.

"Maybe you have noticed," said the Western railroad manager East on a little business trip, "that the epidemic of train robbing that broke out in Nebraska, Colorado and Wyoming about a year ago is over, Maybe, too, you think that it is because the railroad companies ran the guilty fellows to earth and sent them up for long terms. But they

didn't. "As a matter of fact, the railroad authorities are just as much puzzled over the sudden subsidence of the train-robbing feyer in jail for running a little side line like bank

the risk, whether some of the fellows got in jail for running a little side line like bank blowing or safe cracking, nobody knows. It's all a big mystery to us.

"A year ago the pistol slingers had the Western roads terrorized. They sent out their detectives the moment word came in that a robbery had been committed, blood-hounds were bought and armed guards employed to ride on all trains that might be thought to be attractive to thieves. But they never caught anybody.

"In most cases the robbers are pretty hard to trail. Then, if you are ever lucky enough to catch one you can't find anybody to identify him. When a train robber with a mask over his face and a business-looking gun waving back and forth in his right mitt is suddenly projected into your vicinity, neither train man nor passenger is likely to get much of a glimpse of his features or to remember them if he did.

"About ten months ago the Burlington's train for the Northwest was held up at Bradshaw. Neb. It was only about forty miles from headquarters and in less than two hours, detectives and bloodhounds were on the trail. They followed the three fellows that did the job over three States within a week of the robbery, and although they kept the closest kind of a watch on them, they could find out nothing that would justify an arrest. The two or three hours start the fellows are certain to secure every time enables them to hide their plunder in 5.ne cache and to change their disguises.

"The theory of the detectives is that most of the robbers are now in prison on other charges and they look for a renewal of this style of holdup in a few years. The fact is though, that nobody knows."

# One-half of the World's Supply Brought Here

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